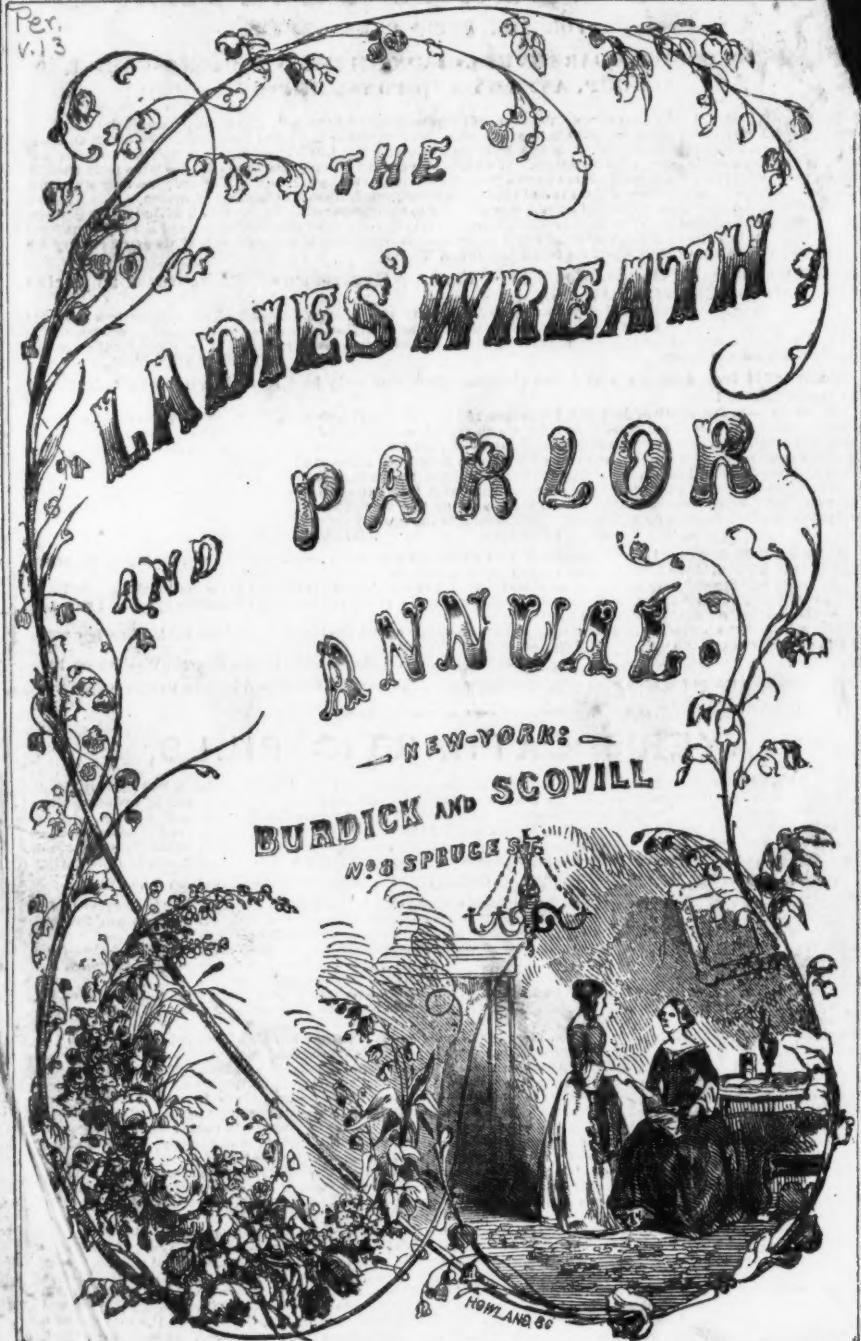


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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH,
CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Of all the numerous medicines extant, (and some of them valuable) for the cure of pulmonary complaints, nothing has ever been found which could compare in its effects with this Preparation. Others cure sometimes, but at all times, and in all diseases of the lungs and throat, where medicine can give relief, this will do it. It is pleasant to take, and perfectly safe in accordance with the directions. We do not advertise for the information of those who have tried it but those who have not. Families that have known its value will not be without it, and by its timely use they are secure from the dangerous consequences of Coughs and Colds, which neglected, ripen into fatal consumption.

The Diploma of the Massachusetts Institute was awarded to this preparation by the Board of Judges, in September, 1847; also, the Medals of the three great Institutes of Art, in this country; also the Diploma of the Ohio Institute at Cincinnati has been given to the CHERRY PECTORAL, by their Government, in consideration of its extraordinary excellence and usefulness in curing affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Read the following Opinion, founded on the long Experience of the Eminent Physician of the Port and City of St. Johns.

Da. J. C. Ayer.—Five years trial of your Cherry Pectoral in my Practice, has proven what I foresaw from its composition, must be true, that it eradicates and cures the colds and coughs to which we, in this section, are peculiarly liable. I think its equal has not yet been discovered, nor do I know how a better remedy can be made for the distresses of the Throat and Lungs.

J. J. BURTON, M.D., F.R.S.

See what it has done on a Wasted Constitution, not only in the following cases, but in a thousand others:

Dr. Ayer.—In the month of July last, I was attacked by a violent Diarrhoea in the mines of California. I returned to San Francisco in hope of receiving benefit from a change of climate and diet. My Diarrhoea ceased, but was followed by a severe cough—and much soreness. I finally started for home, but received no benefit from the voyage. My cough continued to grow worse, and when I arrived in New York I was at once marked by my acquaintances as a victim of consumption. I must confess that I saw no sufficient reason to doubt what my friends all believed. At this time I commenced taking your truly invaluable medicine with little expectation of deriving any benefit from its use. You would not receive these lines did I not regard it my duty to state to the afflicted, through you, that my health, in the space of eight months, is fully restored. I attribute it to the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL.

Yours truly, WILLIAM W. SMITH, Sudbury, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—Feeling that I have been spared from a premature grave, through your instrumentality by the Providence of God, I will take the liberty to express to you my gratitude.

A Cough, and the alarming symptoms of Consumption, had reduced me too low to leave me anything like hope, when my physician brought me a bottle of your "PECTORAL." It seemed to afford immediate relief, and now is a few weeks time has restored me to sound health.

If it will do for others what it has for me, you are certainly one of the benefactors of mankind. Sincerely wishing you every blessing, I am
Very respectfully yours,

JOHN J. CLARKE, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Washington, Pa.

With such assurance and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced unless it be from its effects upon trial.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which my Agents furnish gratis to all inquiring

Annexed we give DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR USE in the complaints which they have been found to cure:

For Costiveness.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of Pills, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

For Dyspepsia, which is sometimes the cause of Costiveness, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the heartburn, bodyburn and sourness of Dyspepsia, will rapidly disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For a Foul Stomach, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

For Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nausea, Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side, take from four to eight Pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and their kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

For Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all Diseases of the Skin, take the Pills freely and frequently to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system, have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients! your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world, covered with pustules, blisters, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

To Purify the Blood, they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the system like chaff before the wind. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness, as by the remarkable cures which they are making everywhere.

Liver Complaint, Jaundice, and all Bilious Affections arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile and render it unfit for digestion. This is disastrous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach, causes the bile to overflow into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhoea, prevails. Feverish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness; sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid: the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious cholico, bilious diarrhoea, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four Pills, taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Rheumatism, Gout, and all Inflammatory Fevers are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood, and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principle of life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently but freely.

As a Dinner Pill this is both agreeable and useful. No Pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effectual to the purpose for which a Dinner Pill is employed.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, LOWELL, Mass.,
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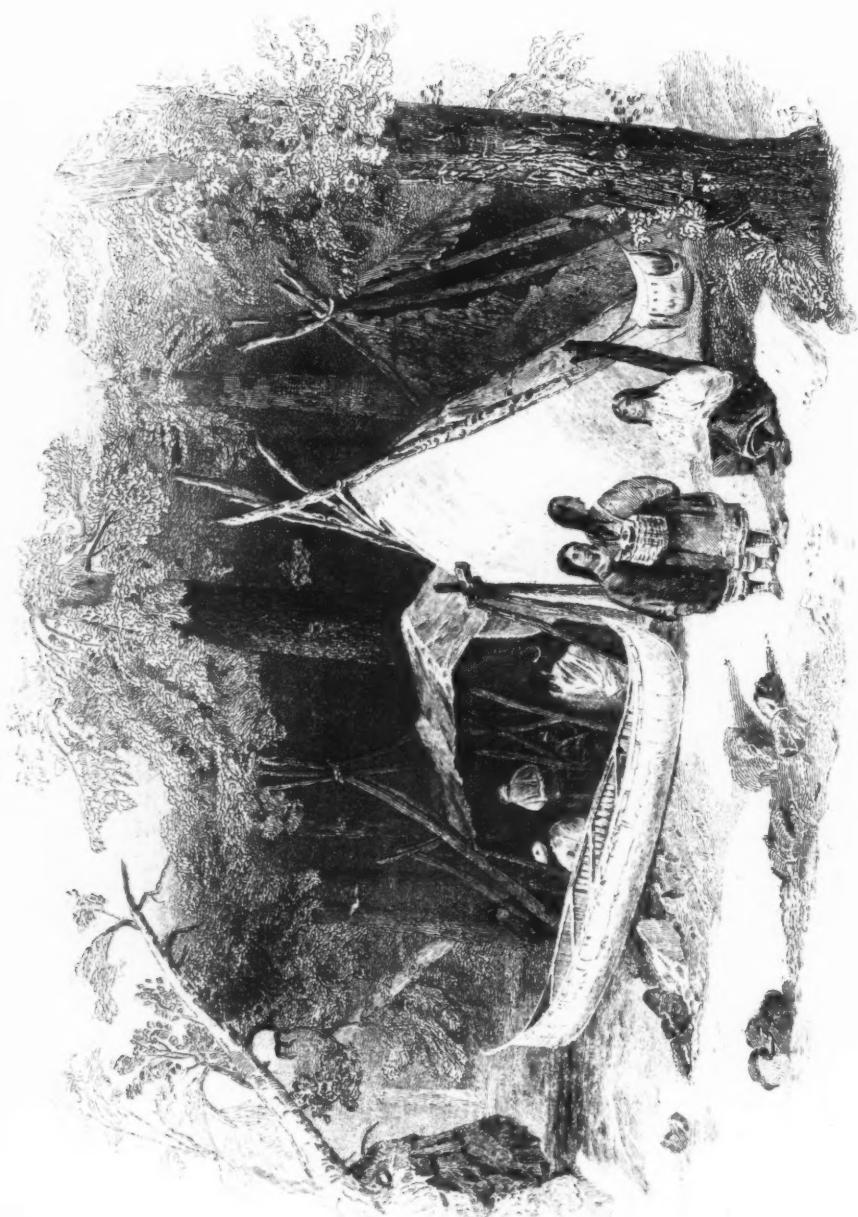
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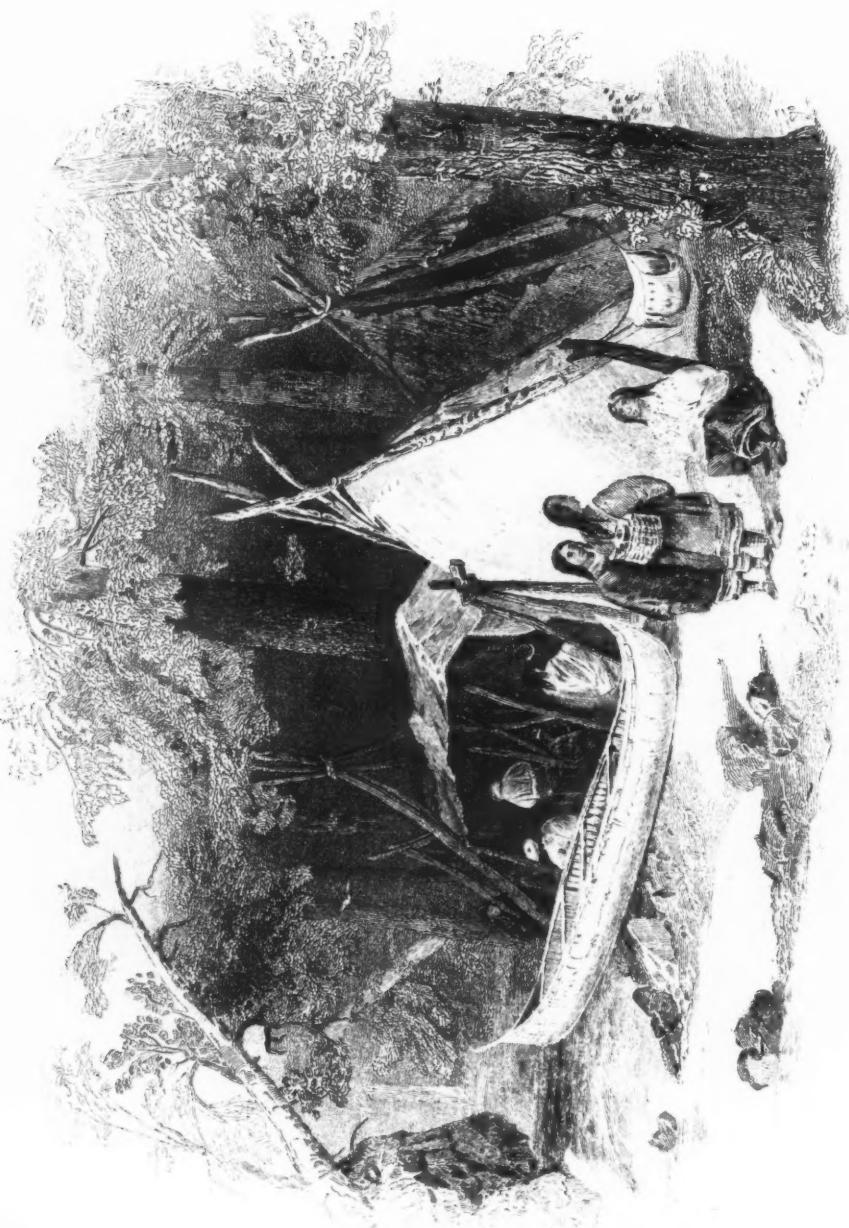


Flowering Almond





Thunberg tree



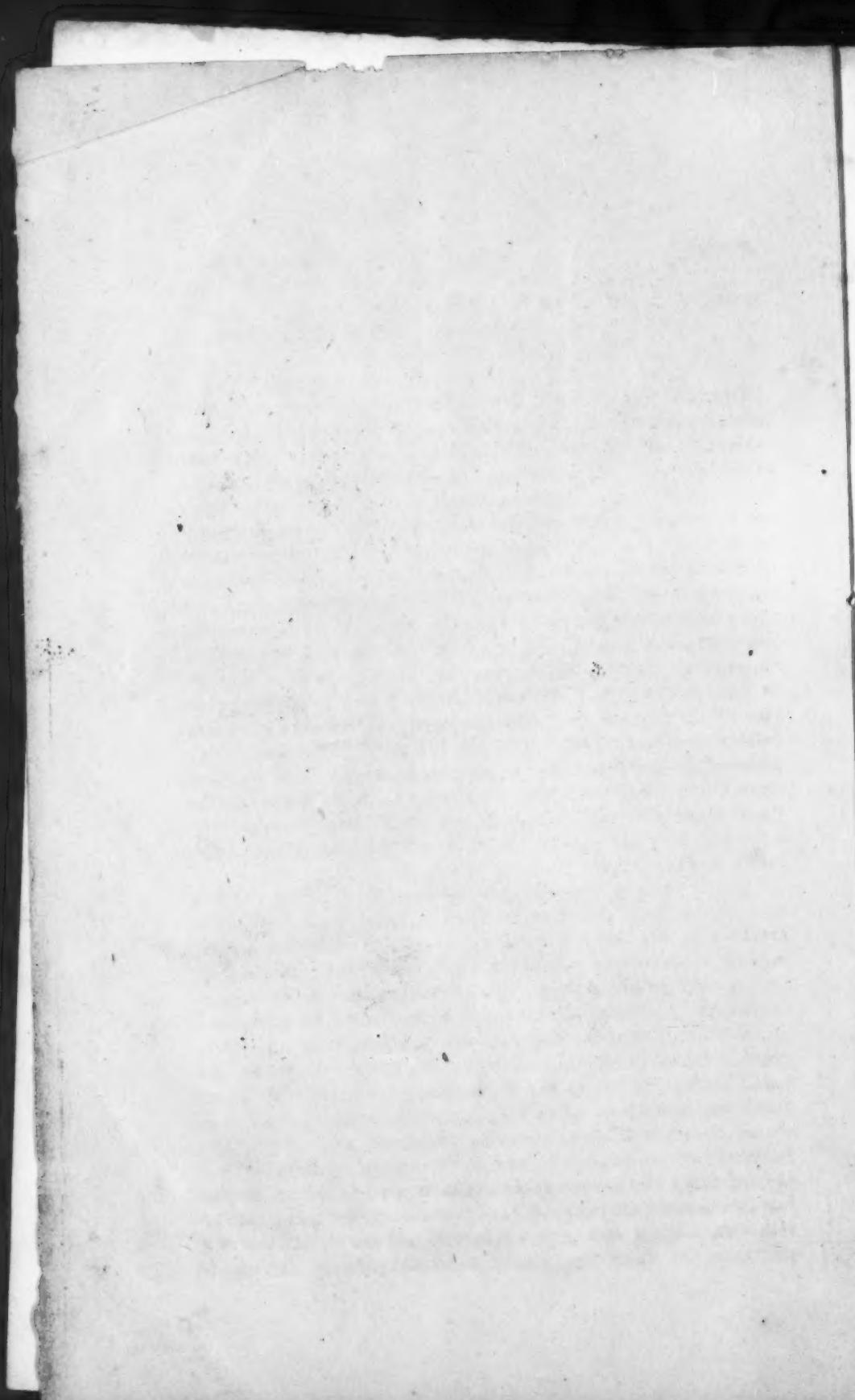


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Shruberry tree



ADMISSIONS.

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NATIVE AMERICANS.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

THE Indian is the true "Native American." His were the hills and valleys of New England—his, the tall forests of the Alleghanies—his, the broad prairies of the far West—his, the beautiful savannas of the South. It is true that these lands were not divided into fertile meadows, and cultivated fields, and fenced pastures; there was no registration of deeds, or staked boundaries, and no clearly defined limits of individual possession. But still the country was his by that best of titles—the right of inheritance; his home, his hunting-ground, and, dearest of all to him, his father's grave. The white man was the invader; he came, and coveted, and took possession. There was less wrong in this when the land was broad enough for all, and thus the early settlers were very generally made welcome to as much as they could cultivate. But they have poured over the land like the rays of the morning sun, and the Indians have faded before them like the early dew. The Indian title has been "extinguished," (as our congressional documents have it,) to tract after tract of the wide domain, and the Indians themselves will soon be "extinguished" in very deed—put out like a camp-fire, with only a few bleaching ashes and scattered brands to tell to the eye of the future of all their faded glory.

There is much of romance in the history of the red man; but his true likeness, as it shall exist for all time, is not yet limned. We are too near the scene of hostilities to estimate truly his sterner virtues, while we have judged his bloody deeds by the standard of an age other than his own. We are too sensible of his present degradation, to be faithfully impressed by the story of his past greatness. Faint echoes of an eloquence that finds no parallel amidst the grandest Grecian or Roman periods, come floating to us from the past; but we look on the miserable remnant of the tribes who hang about our frontiers, pleading for rum in bad, broken English, and we set the whole down as a strain from the old mythology. But the future will compensate his memory for this tardy justice. When the last dusky face has disappeared, and we are left to trace for the lost lineaments amid the history and traditions of the past, then the recent degradation shall become indistinct, and the original features shall come out again, like those of a cleansed painting from an en-

crusted canvas. Then shall the nobleness of the race be vindicated, and the fallen statue be replaced upon its lofty pedestal.

No healer's art can stay the mortality of the aboriginal Americans. The Indians can be preserved only by rolling back the tide of civilization, and restoring the country to its forest solitudes. As this is impossible, their doom is irrevocably fixed. The hand of the philanthropist can minister to their last necessities ; it can stay the wanton insult, felt all the more keenly because it cannot be resented ; it can smooth the dying pillow, and scoop the grave, and erect the epitaph—but it cannot check the disease. Their doom is sealed, and mourn over it as we will, it cannot be averted.

The few scenes from real life, like that presented by our artist in this number, will then be doubly precious, because they can only be copied, not repeated. The fair young wife, in the dreamy indolence of a first love, watching her nursling as he is rocked by the zephyrs in his easy hammock : the rude tent, pitched for but a brief stay, where the thick shadows mingle with the opening sunlight ; the beautiful canoe, as portable as a household utensil ; the dusky faces peeping out of the leafy twilight—how they all carry us back to the forests, when the red man held undisputed sway, and offered incense to the Great Spirit in its aisled glades ! Like those faces dimly seen out of the thick woods, now comes to us from the shadowy past the true Indian—the red man in his primitive glory. The forest shall disappear ; but the shadowy form shall glow into brightness, never again to know a hiding twilight.

In all civilized communities, there must of necessity exist a small portion of society, who are in a great measure independent of public opinion. These privileged individuals, surrounded by parasites, sycophants, and deceivers, too often become the willing victims of self-delusion, flattery, or design. Such persons commence by being their own masters, and finish by being their own slaves, the automata of passion, and the martyrs of disease. Undelighted amidst all delight, and joyless amidst all enjoyment, yet sateless in the very lap of satiety, they eventually receive the full measure of the punishment of their folly, their profligacy or their vice ; nay, they often suffer *more* than other men, not because they are as amenable as their inferiors, but because they go greater lengths. Experience speaks to such in vain, and they sink deeper in the abyss, in precise proportion to the height from which they have plunged.

THE BETRAYED.

BY FRANK WILLOUGHBY.

AND is this New Year's eve, mother ? O, mother can it be ?
And what a sad, sad change, mother, hath this year wrought in me.
Last year there was no lighter heart, there was no brighter eye,
There was no merrier heart than mine : now, mother, what am I ?

A theme for every idle jest, sunk lower than the slave,
With blighted name, and broken heart, and very near my grave !
For I feel my hours are numbered, that my life is waning fast,
And the thought is strong within me, that this night will be my last.

'Tis just two years ago to-day, since Mary Ann was laid
Amid the tears of young and old, within the churchyard shade.
How sad we thought the fate was, for one so young and gay,
To die thus in the morn of life, upon her marriage day.

But now I envy her the doom; what joy for you and me,
If I had died then, mother, when innocent and free.
Ere I became what I am now, the saddest thing in life,
Fallen, deserted, and betrayed, a mother, but no wife.

Of a group of lads and lasses I caught just now a glance ;
My old companions were they all, fast hurrying to the dance.
And they will pass the night away, in noisy mirth and glee,
And perhaps amid their revelry, some one will think of me.

And of our last year's sleigh-ride over the frozen snow,
How we danced until the day dawned, and the skies were in a glow.
I was the lightest hearted one of all the merry throng,
For he was by my side that night, whom I had loved so long.

And very proud I was of him, for he was far above
The other lads, and all the girls were envious of his love.
And I was young and guileless, and how could I believe,
That when he spoke of love to me, he meant but to deceive !

I think I was bewitched, mother, by the light of those dark eyes,
By those murmured vows of tenderness, and all those flattering lies.
I had scorn enough for others, who sought to win my love,
But he seemed to my unpractised eyes as guileless as the dove.

And even now, I cannot think so ill of him as you,
I cannot think his heart so base, as many others do :
I know he's done me cruel wrong, and bowed my head with shame,
But yet the fault was not all his, I must have been to blame.

I know you warned me, mother, you told me oft the truth,
That village maids were seldom wed, by high and courtly youth.
But I thought of many tales I'd read, and of the songs I sung,
How noble men loved lowly wives, if beautiful and young.

I thought on the Lord of Burleigh, and his gentle peasant bride,
 I thought of Lady Gowrie, and many more beside.
 He told me I was lovelier than any in the land,
 But fatal was my vanity—he never asked my hand.

Then judge him not too harshly, mother, I was easily beguiled—
 Tho' now he strives to blight my name, and will not own his child,
 The time may come when he will feel his need to be forgiven,
 And you'll forgive him for my sake, when I am gone to heaven.

Some there may be who'll not regret that I am brought thus low,
 For I was proud and scornful, but I am punished now.
 I prized too much the beauty, which at last has proved my bane,
 And scorned the honest lovers, who offered me their name.

But now they will not speak to me, they think I am too vile,
 And name me with a scornful look, or with a meaning smile.
 It's very hard, perhaps it's right, but still I think I know,
 If they had borne what I have borne, I could not treat them so.

But you're very kind, mother, tho' I've disgraced your name,
 You soothed me in my sorrow, nor spoke a word of blame!
 I should have been a solace to your declining years,
 I should have been a comfort, but I've only caused you tears.

I never can repay you now, for your patience and your love,
 But your kindness, and your tenderness, are registered above;
 And He'll reward you, mother, who said to one of yore,
 "Neither do I condemn thee, go, daughter, sin no more."

Oh! how we mourned when father died, but now I'm glad it's so,
 He never could have borne with me as you have done, I know :
 He was so just, so good himself, he could not understand,
 The temptations that beset the weak, the snares on every hand.

But now he sees more clearly, in that blest home above,
 And then he'll judge more mildly, and welcome me with love :
 When I leave this weary earth to find a heavenly home,
 Where sinful souls are purified, and sorrow cannot come.

And you will keep my baby, mother, and rear her as your own,
 And may she repay you better, than ever I have done.
 Poor babe, she has her father's smile, his bright and beaming eye,
 Had she a right to bear his name, how peacefully I'd die.

If she grow up mild and gentle, and easily controlled,
 Unlike her hapless mother, O let her ne'er be told,
 O never let her hear her wretched mother's name,
 Toadden her young spirit, and flush her cheek with shame!

But if she's like that mother, as wayward and as wild,
 Tho' 'tis a fearful legacy to leave a guiltless child,
 Then tell her all my story, tho' she think of me with hate,
 Better to scorn her mother's name, than share that mother's fate.

And now good night, dear mother, I hope that ere the sun
 Sheds its first ray to-morrow morn, my troubles will be done.
 And do not weep for me, mother, when I have left you here,
 Within a holier dwelling place will dawn my glad New Year.

BELLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

"Those pealing bells! those pealing bells!
How many a tale their music tells!"

THE sound of a bell has at all times a wonderful effect upon men.

At the sound, as at the call of some master spirit, what myriads of thoughts and recollections rush in upon the mind! If it comes borne over the water when fair Twilight hovers coquettishly between the admiring glances of Day and the tender and modest gaze of Night, how does the softened melody steal over the heart, withdrawing it from the cares of this busy world for a brief space at least, and filling it with a quiet enjoyment.

Or if the deep tones are mingled with the angry strife of the elements, and only now and then reach the ear, sounding as if wearied and exhausted by the conflict, yet resolute to the last; though their chimes do not whisper peace to the spirit, yet their harmony thrills no less delightfully through the heart.

But not alone is their influence felt when adding their music to the "evening voluntaries" of Nature, or softening the rough voices of the stormy winds.

At the chime, joyful sprites may bring before the mind pictures of gayety and happiness, or sad ones may torture the soul with images of woe.

The same merry peal which makes many a thoughtless heart to throb exultingly at the fancied glory gained by some victory, may cause many others to bleed afresh at the remembrance of some loved one who perchance fell a victim to the demon War.

As the corpse of the murdered was said in olden time, to bleed at the approach of the murderer; so at the joyous and exulting sounds, falling discordantly on the ears of the mourners, is their grief renewed in all its freshness, and all their sorrows are recalled with fearful distinctness.

The same chime which ushers in the day when fair Liberty first smiled upon our land, may ring the death-knell of some one of her boldest champions. Bells joined to swell the triumph of Napoleon's coronation; yet the same glad peal welcomed the returning Bourbons and celebrated the downfall of the great general.

Courtier-like, ever ready to greet the successful, they ring out

their loud rejoicings with equal spirit at the accession of the tyrant as of the true patriot.

The stroke of a bell has been the precursor of deeds which will forever sully the fame of nations. Such was the tocsin whose peal on the fatal night of St. Bartholemew, was the signal for bands of fiendish men to rush upon the Huguenots—their innocent and unconscious victims.

At the sound of the curfew, how many sturdy Saxon hearts have burned with indignation at the tyranny of their Norman conquerors, and vowed speedy vengeance as night after night the hated peal resounded !

Thus have bells become indissolubly connected with the *past*, and so do they still continue to be linked with the present, giving expression on festal days to a nation's joy, or in muffled tones sympathizing with a people's woe. And with the religious, not less than with the political history of nations, have bells also an intimate relation. As the vesper bell reaches the ear of the devout catholic, how suddenly do devotional thoughts fill his mind ! And over the heart of some erring earth-child not yet rendered quite callous by sin, what a tide of bitter memories may rush at the sound which brings so vividly to mind a picture of a quiet home, where long ago, while yet a pure and innocent child, his mother, at this signal, was wont to bend the knee by his side, and teach his infant lips to syllable a prayer ! Ah ! if the remorse which fills his soul with anguish at the contrast between the present and the past, is all too transient, who shall say that it is entirely in vain ? May it not be the first faint dawning of a brighter day ?

How clearly too are bells interwoven with the religious festivals of all nations !

The Christmas chimes of "merry old England" have long since become household words ; and what visions of plenty and happiness are associated with them ! The oak-panelled hall, the burning yule-log, the mistletoe bough, and the groaning tables where sits the bluff old Squire surrounded by his family, and no less pleasant scenes in the cottages, where for once in the year the peasantry rest from their toils, and rejoice in the fruits of their labors.

In our own country, too, chiming bells usher in, not Christmas alone, but Thanksgiving, that Puritan festival so dear to the New Englander, since it is at once a family as well as a national and religious gala-day—a day when around the paternal board are gathered the sturdy sons and fair daughters, who, from their widely separated dwellings in distant states, once in the year return to the dear

old homestead to greet the loved ones there, to enjoy all the sweets of reunion for a few brief hours, and refreshed by this short respite from life's labors, to go on again with new zeal.

But no one bell has more influence over the hearts of men than the Sabbath bell of our own native land. As the clear, deep tones peal forth, thousands of happy families respond to the call ; the aged with the youthful repair to the house of God there to worship ; and many a wanderer from his father's house in far-distant lands, joins in spirit in the scenes in which his most loved ones are engaged, and in which he has so often been a partaker.

Long may it be ere that bell shall cease to peal forth, or our people shall cease to obey its summons to turn aside from life's beaten workpath, and resting thus from labor, to lift up heart and voice to the Great Author of our prosperity as a nation !

P R A Y E R .

~~~~~  
BY MRS. J. WEBB.  
~~~~~

Give me, oh God ! the power and will
To do to others as I still
Would they should do to me ;
Give me a conscience free from guile ;
Teach me on worldly ills to smile ;
And turn my heart to Thee !

Thou know'st that heart's most secret spring :
To Thee no false account I bring ;
For all, all Thou dost know.
Unerring Judge ! to thee I bend ;
Thou know'st my being, aim, and end,
And Thou wilt mercy show.

Where I have erred, oh Lord, forgive :
Where I've been right, grant while I live
I in that path may stay.
And, oh, whenever worldly pride
Would lure my wavering steps aside,
Do Thou direct my way !

Love, like the cold bath, is never negative—it seldom leaves us where it finds us ; if once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues or inflame our vices.

THE BUCKET.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
When fancy re-visits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well."

"THAT moss-covered vessel" is, in very truth, the subject of many recollections of interest and affection. At this moment, I can almost see the plump, though comely figure of Patty, our maid of all work, bending to pour its clear and sparkling contents into her well-scoured pail. The lithe figure and active movements of my darling brother are equally present to my thoughts, in connection with "its green, mossy brim." Even old Philo, the black "chair-horse," comes in for a share of my reminiscences ; so often have I seen him march boldly up, and quaff from the capacious trough that extended on one side of the well, an abundant draught of that "emblem of truth" which the bucket had just brought from "the white-pebbled bottom."

On one occasion, that old oaken vessel stood in need, as other things besides buckets will, of some slight repairs. My brother, four or five years older than myself, was sent with it, one fine spring morning to the house of a neighbor, who lived a mile or two from my father's. Mr. Beam being a very obliging, and also what is called a very "handy" man, was often resorted to for favors of this character, and my father did not doubt that he would mend our bucket.—We were charged to stay until the work was accomplished, and return with all convenient despatch. How well I remember the bright sunshine, the blue sky, the flower-decked trees, and spangled grass of that balmy morning. As I recall them—

"The lark's loud song is in my ear,"

and my brother's alternate song and whistle are almost audible.

Mr. Beam was particularly busy, and could not immediately undertake our "little job." We found that we must wait an hour or two longer than we had expected, and proceeded to while away the time in various amusements. In this endeavor we were materially seconded by Frank and Mary Beam, a brave boy and most lovely

girl, of about our own respective ages. Frank had not yet performed the whole of his morning's task of sawing and splitting wood, and George volunteered to help him. Mary and I repaired to the garden, and after fluttering awhile, "like the gay butterfly, from flower to flower," we returned to the boys who had completed the allotted work, and were now in the shop. We found them discussing with great sagacity, the qualities of buckets in general, and of *our* bucket in particular, on the well soaked side of which, George presently began to cut with his knife what seemed an outline of the letter G, caroling with infinite glee as he worked—

"As if to atone for fame's neglect," &c.

"There, beat that, if you can!" he said, at length, surveying the smoothly wrought initials of his name with much complacency, and then rolling the bucket across the floor to Frank.

"I think I could cut deeper," remarked Frank.

"Try it!" challenged George. And Frank did try it. He was at work on the last letter, when, through some inadvertence, the knife slipped from his fingers, and was falling to the floor. He grasped it instinctively, and the blade penetrated his hand. The letter remained unfinished, and the youthful artist never again attempted a similar performance. The sharp point had severed a tendon, and the first finger of his right hand was crippled for the rest of his life. We did not know, at that time, how much he was injured, but George and I returned to our home in a much less jubilant mood than that in which we had left it. I will not attempt to describe what our young friend endured, nor his patience and fortitude, during three months of great physical suffering. When he could leave his room, he rode over and spent a few days at my father's. During this visit, we learned, to our surprise and regret, that Mr. Beam, whom we had always looked upon as a thriving man, was just now in very embarrassed circumstances. The failure of a friend for whom he had endorsed notes to (for him) a considerable amount, had involved him in great pecuniary difficulties; and he feared that the pleasant home in which his children had been reared, and in which he had hoped to pass the residue of his days, would be sacrificed to the debts which he had unwarily assumed.

"And what do *you* mean to do?" asked my father of Frank.

Poor Frank looked at his disabled hand a moment in silence, and then, his dark eye sparkling with resolute energy, said,

"Father thinks I shall now never be able to help him, and he is the more discouraged on that account. But I think, though I can never learn a trade, I can do *something*, and, if I live, I *will*."

"Nobly said, my boy," responded my father, "but do not commence too soon. Let it be your first care to get well."

Mr. Beam's fears were soon realized. He was compelled to leave the farm to which the industry of his best years had been devoted. Family connections induced him to locate in a town distant several hundred miles. It was promised by our respective parents, that George and myself should exchange visits with Frank and Mary, in the course of two or three years. But before the first year had elapsed, equally unlooked for casualties had resulted in equally important changes under our own roof-tree. A malignant epidemic deprived us, in one fatal week, of both our parents. A brother of our father, who was appointed our guardian, came to reside with us until George should have attained his majority. In the course of a few months, we were placed at school, and then for several years we saw each other but seldom. We consoled ourselves with anticipating "the good time coming," when we should return to our paternal homestead. George was at last twenty-one. He had acquired a substantial education, and some practical knowledge of the ordinary methods of transacting business. It was clearly shown that my uncle's excellent management had liquidated every debt with which our estate had been burthened; and George determined to be what his father had been, an intelligent, industrious farmer. He invited our uncle to reside a year or two longer on the premises, and impart to him some share of that skill which had been so advantageously exercised in his behalf. But uncle had already remained longer than his own interest dictated. His departure could not even be deferred until my brother could accomplish the journey to my place of residence, and bring back his future housekeeper. The day of our return to the home of our childhood was both a happy and a sad one. It was in the early spring, and every bursting bud, and every blade of grass seemed speaking to us of the past; but no parents greeted us with heart-warm smile. We wandered through the rooms, whose atmosphere was sacred to the memory of the loved and lost, looked silently at each other, and burst into tears. Every thing within and without the house presented, despite the lapse of six or seven years, its old familiar aspect,—every thing but the well. The antique curb had been removed, and, in its room, a new fashioned patent pump reared its fantastic head.

"Uncle told me," said George, one morning, when we had begun to feel pretty well established, "that the pump was somewhat out of order, and had better be attended to immediately. I believe it is very often out of order, and have half a mind to rebuild the curb, and restore 'the old oaken bucket.' What say you, sis?"

"I shall be delighted," I replied. "But I fancy you will have to substitute a *new* oaken bucket in place of the old one."

"There you are mistaken, Fanny. Uncle promised me that the old one should be taken care of, and I found it yesterday hanging in a corner of the cellar, where the dampness has preserved it from falling to pieces. Biddy must give it a good scouring, and we will see it as we used to in another week."

The bucket had swung in its time-honored place some three months, when one day, as we sat at dinner, a stage coach with four dust-covered horses, and twice that number of dusty passengers, drew up before the house. The driver asked and received permission to "water" his thirsty animals. While this performance was in progress, a young man covered with dust like the rest, and looking as if he might have journeyed several days, alighted from the coach and approached the well. From the open window of the dining room, we could see and hear all that passed without rising from our chairs.

"I have certainly seen this place before," remarked the traveler. "I had no idea that we were within fifty miles of any object that could awake me to recollection. But a glance at these trees has dispelled fatigue. They *must* be old friends. I have seen many *finer*, but none just *like* these." His eye rested on the bucket, as

"Dripping with coolness, it rose from the well"—

the memorable initials, which "time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun" had yet effaced, as plainly visible on its glistening sides as if they had been carved but yesterday.

"I know where I am now," he said, and with a bound he reached the hall door. My brother, whom I had before restrained with some difficulty, was there at the same moment, and "Frank!" "George!" were the next words that reached my ear. The coach went on its way, minus one of its passengers; and Frank, in answering our multiplied inquiries, imparted various items of intelligence, which I shall task my ingenuity to condense into a few paragraphs.

Mr. Beams' life, for some years after his removal to —, was one of labor and trial. Frank, from physical disability, was of less service to his father than he could have wished. But he applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge, and, by dint of severe industry, qualified himself for and succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in an extensive mercantile house in the city in which he resided. He was soon able to assist in making the family comfortable, and the next three or four years were marked only by the ordinary pleasures and cares of life.

"But why did you leave off writing to us, Frank? We have heard nothing from you for years!"

"That was a whim of my father's. He allowed himself to despond, and said that we must write no more until we had something *pleasant* to write about. Then we heard of your bereavement and separation; afterward, we did not know how to address you, but we felt for you sincerely."

A financial transaction of much importance to his employers, and which must be negotiated in a distant city, had been entrusted to Frank, with an intimation that, if he discharged his trust to the satisfaction of all interested, a change, greatly to his advantage, would be proposed immediately on his return. He had journeyed several hundred miles by stage, and, during the last two days, had yielded so entirely to weariness, as to take little or no notice of objects by the way. He was altogether unconscious that he was approaching his former home until his attention was directed to the peculiar grouping of the trees about our house. Surprised and bewildered, he was still in doubt, when the bucket, with those well remembered letters, arose to view, and dispelled, in a moment, all uncertainty.—How should he express his obligations to that rustic friend!

It happened that the gentlemen to whom Frank's errand referred, were near and valued relations to George and myself. My brother decided to accompany his friend, and, as far as might be in his power, promote his interest. Suffice it to say, Frank—always affirming, that George's countenance afforded him "material aid"—accomplished his undertaking with complete success, and returned home to become the partner in the prosperous and honorable house for which he had acted. Years have passed since that time, and I no longer inhabit the house which was once my father's. But I do not live among strangers, nor does my brother dwell alone. Sweet Mary Beam has been the light of his hearth just as long as I have been her father's daughter. Both families, blest with health and competence, daily acknowledge the beneficence of the Great Father, who hath sustained us through joy and through sorrow, and kept our feet in the paths of virtue. To Him, and to the kind friends whom he raised up in our time of need, we render our highest tribute; and we do not forget the silent merit of the humble medium of so many blessings, but with pleasure commemorate our indebtedness to

"The old oaken bucket that hangs in the well."

THE MAGNETISM OF THINGS.

BY GEO. S. BUBLEIGH.

EVERY thing is invested with a peculiar interest from the moment it becomes associated with humanity. The solitary wanderer in the wilderness, thousands of leagues from human habitations, if by chance he encounters some fragment of art from an extinct race, some relic of a former journeyer in the same dim wilds, is straight way lifted from the weary earth, and borne insensibly to remote ages, to immeasurable distances. Time and space are annihilated, races and ages merged, and the worn wanderer feels a nearness to human life, which turns the wilderness into a pillared temple, the green prairies to a social home.

We know not how dear the simplest article of familiar furniture has grown, till we come upon it unexpectedly, after loss or absence, or when we surprise its meaning and message, so long unnoticed, lurking thinly veiled under its essential form. Have you never been startled by the sudden discovery of some feature or image, likeness of man or beast, in the most familiar conformations of things constantly before you?

A face perhaps in the quaint carving of an old arm-chair, in convolutions not intended for any such image, will seem as if newly created at some casual glance, and never again can the mind lose that figure, or find just the old curves, and the unmeaning lines of the antique carving. The like is true of the mental and spiritual significance of common things. Years may have passed, and the object suggested no inherent idea, no meaning which should be its moral henceforth and forever, to that soul who discovers it, when suddenly, without contemplation or apparent cause, out flashes a sentiment, startling, forcible, and as if spoken by the tongueless wood or marble, or glittering glass; and never can the object appear again without some tinge of that thought, giving color to its mute, insensate form.

These influences and effluences are more often unconscious motors and soothers, of whose operations we are not distinctly aware, but whose absence creates a sense of something lost, which in spite of the novelty of other scenes, leaves the mind ill at rest in travel.

To some objects the significance adheres loosely, and shifts with shifting moods, or is lost by the mutations of time; while to others

there is a constant association of similar ideas, making a sort of spirit of the object, its lesson and moral, individual and distinct, and not seldom, ever proverbial.

In all this there is no small share of what is commonly called fancy ; but withal is something else, which may be called the magnetism of things, not dependent on association of ideas, not always inherent to the material substance itself ; but often a subtle aroma derived from human contact, and marked with human characteristics.

A blind man selects from a score of similar handkerchiefs, all washed and ironed alike, that belonging to any one of his friends designated. A garment worn for one moment in the presence of a plague-stricken man, though borne to the remote ends of the earth, and buried in a mass of manifold reeking filthiness, will come forth, if come it may, with the seeds of that very type of the pest with which it was innoculated ; and will sow the same death and suffering that it took years before in a distant land.

How infinitely minute must be the malign particles, if they are substantial at all ; or if only a vibratory energy, capable of producing those effects, how equally minute must be the element of force, and with what tenacity it must cling to a simple fragment of linen, or a silken hose.

Men call fanciful and incredible the notion of an impressive aroma adhering to things : but this, not less incredible fact, is simply acknowledged because familiar. Why should your grandfather's plush shorts bring you from Calcutta the very plague which, many years ago, opened to him the gates of the tomb, and which here shall reproduce every symptom and type of that fearful scourge ; and meanwhile his favorite books, his old arm-chair, his cane, and hat, bring back, or retain, no effluence of his nature and being ? It is simply absurd to suppose they could not ; and without dwelling upon the probabilities of the fact, or seeking analogies for it among acknowledged truths of science, we will adhere to the thought, and leave argument to the philosophers in the material laws of such phenomena.

We know that around old furniture clings a different and deeper influence than adheres to the new—that time not only mellows impressions on mental subjects, but accumulates impressiveness in material objects, and the longer they are submitted to the contact of human touch, and the conflicting emotions of human hearts, the more they become impregnated with the power to create emotions in us. When the retaining object is one that in itself excites a peculiar set of feelings and thoughts, so that, from generation to generation, it would naturally be met with the same emotions, it acquires at length

a peculiar magnetic power, which no susceptible mind could fail to experience, though it might easily reject it by an effort of the will, if once it were called out. Let men quarrel with this thought when they are able to explain the laws of fancy and association of ideas. The facts may be asserted, their theory remains in primeval darkness.

There is a point upon a certain road, which we pass perhaps once in a half dozen years, but never without the recurrence of the same thought, which at first was there excited by no apparent cause a pure whim but which is fastened to the locality, and has more than once startled us into a consciousness of having reached the place ; which is in no wise peculiar, in no wise related to the fancy it kindles. A similar fact connects itself to more than one locality, and doubtless to more than one's experience.

Things are full of a mystic suggestiveness, which in these days of credulity and incredulity, is easily disposed of on both hands ; the one explaining by blank denial, what contradicts his theory ; the other giving to a supernatural agency, facts not difficult to explain by well known laws.

To the Poet, the Artist, the Lover—children of the imagination, the idle questions of How ? and Why ? never come to disturb the sweet fact, and its deep significance. The stars of heaven, the flowers of earth, great thoughts, and tender looks, are all alike, the clear, bright symbols of an immortal language, which each recipient soul interprets to his own peculiar need. But, most of all, those things which have taken the warm breath of human love, or felt the touch of a caressing hand, are near and dear, and full of meaning to their souls who read the ideal worth of things.

Can any argumentation, and fine chopped logic make the flower which Dora sends to her poet-lover, look and smell and *be*, like any other flower ? Will Geology, and a stone-mason's affidavit, turn the sculptured Jove of Phidias to common marble, by a demonstration of analysis, and a display of the chips which go to make soda-water ? Will the Poet surrender his landscape, with its inexpressible beauties, and starry distances, for the dull, hazy atmosphere, and degraded sky, the soddy acres, and fenny wastes of his neighbor ? It cannot be ; and that is better than merely to say it should not be.

The highest intellects will forever be the disciples of the highest significance of things. But the lowest are not unaware of the ideal value which belongs to them. The rough tar loves his ship with a true affection ; the Indian loves the resting-place of the bones of his fathers ; the farmer who never knew prose from poetry, loves his ox and horse, and delights in the gambols of his lambs.—True he mixes

up with these sensations, the price of mutton and beef ; and our Poet is not quite mindless of the culinary value of sportive innocence in mutton-chops, and the fair virtues of the patient ox in smoking steak.

Every body clings with affection to some relic of a lost friend, a great man, or admired hero ; and, in vulgar minds, even the horrible and shocking are invested with a kind of grim interest, and a flake of blood-rust from a murderer's gibbet, will be stored as a sacred memorial. Coarse and disgusting as the taste is, in its gross development, it is a stammering utterance of the highest spiritual fact, a shred from the bright warp of the everlasting beauty and poetry of all. The coarse mind is only susceptible to coarse impressions, but all acknowledge, in their own way, the essential magnetism of things.

To all men, it is an elevating fact ; one step up, in the rudest, from the brute perceptions of outward objects ; and in the highest but one step below the conceptions of angelic natures ; a close verging upon the lights where all things are melted from their gross opacity to clear translucent forms, revealing life and light and the ever-present God through all their old opacity.

THE WEARY HEART.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Nay ! not a "quiet," but a lonely heart,
Both swept and garnished, but unfilled of late !
From all love's vagaries it stands apart—
Too strong to murmur, and too tired to hate !

Weary of life ? ah no—but of life's woes !
Weary of all its falsehoods and its cares !
Willing to rest, because so well it knows
What draughts the hand of Passion still prepares !

Few years that heart hath known—but ah ! how well
Its beatings measured all the life of love !
The tale it told all human hearts must tell—
The faith it lost, is found alone above !

Seek not to rouse it ! hush each tender tone !
Veil the deep glances of thy splendid eyes !
It beats a nobler melody alone,
As its best thoughts and prayers to Heaven arise !

OLD LETTERS; OR AUNT AMY'S REMINISCENCE.

BY ROSE ROCKWELL.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in summer ; one of those placid, tranquil hours, when Nature decked in gay, holiday robes, like beauty, when surfeited with gaiety, sinks into calm repose.—Light winged zephyrs wafted the perfume of the new mown hay through the open lattice, tessellated with roses, where sat Amy Cromwell, familiarly called Aunt Amy.

By her side lay a well-filled portfolio, from which she is selecting, for perusal, some old letters, those relicts of by-gone years ; and in imagination, living again those happy, care-free days. Ah ! treasured mementoes of the dead, the estranged, and the absent loved ones ! ye contain within yourselves a world of memories and of thought, happy, happy dreams, too bright, too beautiful for earth.

At this moment her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a rosy-cheeked maiden of sixteen summers, who entreatingly exclaimed—“Don’t, aunt Amy, pray don’t !” as she replaced with a disappointed look her sacred treasures. “Please read them to me, I so love to hear old letters !” and coaxingly imprinting a kiss with her rose-bud lips upon the faded cheek of her aunt, she seated herself at her feet, playfully saying, “Proceed—I am all attention.”

With a melancholy smile she regarded her laughter-loving niece, and in a sad tone she replied, “Jennie, you are like—wonderfully like the earliest, dearest friend of my youth ; the same light-hearted gaiety ; the same enthusiastic love of the beautiful, and lively poetic imagination. May it never be your lot like her, to tread a thorny pathway in pursuit of happiness ;” and parting the auburn curls from off her snowy forehead, she continued, “It may be the history of Emma Leroy will be the means of guiding you into the right path.”

Jennie’s countenance beamed with anticipated pleasure, for the contents of that portfolio had ever been a sealed book, into which the most curious dared not even to peep.

“Twenty-five years ago,” commenced aunt Amy, “Emma Leroy and myself were separated for the first time ; she had been the sharer of all my joys and sorrows from earliest childhood ; and so entwined had our affections become, that I believe the thought of being debarred from her sweet society, filled my heart with bitter sorrow as I left

my childhood's home, to spend three years at a distant boarding-school. —Yes, twenty-five years ago, this day, witnessed our separation with many tears and protestations of eternal friendship. When I arrived at school, I found the hearts of the pupils seriously attending to the message of love, pardon, hope, and consolation offered in the Gospel. My own heart was melted to tenderness, by the urgent home-appeals of Christ's ministers, who seemed truly like flames of fire ; not terrifying, but subduing and thawing the cold ice of formal piety. I felt to say—

Lord, thou hast won ! at length I yield,
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee ;
If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flashed to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been ;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?
Love conquers even me. ’

Those were calm, sweet days, Jennie. It was in reply to a letter of mine, filled with my new found joys, entreating her to participate with me, that I received *this*, my first letter from Emma :

“ Dear Amy—I will not attempt to explain the emotions with which I read your letter. They were too absurd. Do not blame me when I tell you that, for two whole days, I indulged the thought that your friendship for me would be less sincere than formerly. It was a dark shadow to cross my path, for your affection is to me what sunshine is to flowers. But it has vanished now, and I see clearly breathing through your letter a sincere desire for my happiness, for which I am grateful. Dear Amy, do not worry for me. I am as happy as I can be (saving the loss of your society). I am like a bird nested in a grove of orange trees, beautiful with its snowy blossoms, musical with its native songsters, and fragrant with its rich perfume. Like the bee, I would fly from flower to flower, extract the sweet, and reject the poison. I would take the world with its enjoyments gratefully, glide along the stream of time, not senselessly, but merrily, and at last sink to rest, trusting to the goodness of my Maker—gently, as the sun appears to sink into the bosom of the mighty deep.

EMMA.

“ In another letter she writes—‘ You ask me to read the Bible, with a desire to understand and practice it. You ask a hard thing, Amy. I would oblige you in any thing else. I really cannot find time, and besides I could not understand it if I tried. What puz-

zles so many learned D. D.'s, over which they worry and snarl like so many hungry dogs over a bone, I am sure I could not ferret out. I intend to do good, visit the sick, give to the poor, and go far out of my way to notice a person whom others slight. Besides, I have a friendly feeling for the whole human race. I am not like the "squirrel that lived in a hollow tree," but the reverse. I love every body, and every body loves me. To me, care and sorrow are meaningless words. If they ever should fix their envious eyes upon me, I will play bo-peep from behind a rose-bush, laughing in their faces. I have been told they cannot endure a merry face ; they will therefore spread their bat-like wings, and fly to parts unknown.

"On whatever subject she chose to write, you could trace the effusions of a warm and generous heart; yet destitute of a saving knowledge of the word of God. These letters are so characteristic, that I treasure them as the apple of my eye. Letters passed quickly between us, until about six months before the expiration of my school-going,—Emma married, and removed to the sunny south.—This to me was a sad disappointment; still I was cheered by those happy letters. I will read you another extract:

“ ‘ Dear Amy—I knew it would grieve you not to meet a welcome from me, after your long absence ; so I resolved to send my welcome to await your coming. In imagination I press you to my heart, and receive your warm congratulations. I must tell you a dream I had last night. I thought I was again in old Mapleton, momentarily expecting you. The stage stopped, and I hastened to greet you.—One moment more, thought I, and I shall clasp Amy in my arms ; when who should alight but a stiff, formal lady, who offered me the tips of her gloves in the most approved style, lisping, “ *How’d you do, Em-mah ?* ” My chagrin and disappointment were so great, that I awoke *weeping*. I knew your good sense forbade your ever becoming an affected simperer like some specimens of boarding-school misses I have seen here, and I laughed heartily at the illusion, as doubtless you will. Now for a description of my home. Beautiful as a dream of Paradise. Groves of orange-trees, birds, and flowers of every variety and hue ; and, oh ! such gorgeous sunsets ; the most magnificent you ever witness at the North, are leaden in comparison.

'Our house is filled with music, dancing, and gay company ; rather more than I like. You know I am partial to nature, and chosen friends. But then Mr. Clark has so many friends who are constantly inviting us to costly and magnificent entertainments, which we must

return. Edward enjoys them much, as he is the life of the circle in which we move. I wish you could be with us to witness some of these ; they are brilliant beyond description. Pardon me ! I forget you do not approve. Now, Amy, good night !

EMMA.

“ Already the dark cloud was gathering in her hitherto cloudless sky. She had taken the world for her portion, placed her affections supremely on created things. No wonder that when the storm of adversity came, it swept them all away. Her husband, though sole inheritor of an extensive fortune, well educated, and endowed by nature with a generous, noble heart, was destitute of a fixed, guiding principle. He could not withstand the allurements of those human vultures, who gather around the unwary to fatten upon their wealth, then trample them beneath their feet. First he was enticed by the intoxicating cup ; then to risk his all at the gaming table. When beggared, stung to frenzy by insult, in the madness of delirium he deprived of life the villain who had robbed him of his all. His own life paid the forfeit. In the meantime Emma was brought near the brink of the grave, unconscious of all that was passing until her husband was hurried out of existence. When informed of his death the details were carefully concealed. I will now read you her last.

“ Dear Amy—Sorrow, which I defied, has well nigh overwhelmed me. Widowed and alone in a strange land, brought to the gate of death, deprived of the necessities of life, the doors of the votaries of fashion who had feasted at our table, closed against me. The only one who did not forsake me in adversity was an old negress,—with her I found an asylum. She has nursed me with the tenderness of a mother through this long, *long* sickness. Though one of the despised African race, she is a living exemplification of the beauty of the religion of which you have so often written me. By her I have been taught lessons of meekness, of forbearance, and long-suffering which she could have received from no earthly source. “ God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” has kindly condescended to bind up the broken-hearted, and pour the oil of consolation upon my bruised spirit. Oh, Amy ! why did I not learn of Him before ! I wonder at my delusion, my wild idolatry of the created, forgetful of the Creator. I wonder at His forbearance, and adore His mercy. I am far from well, but intend starting for Mapleton soon. My brother has come for me. Ah ! how different from what I anticipated will be my return. I know kind sympathizing friends are awaiting me. I long to go, I know not why, dear Amy, but I have a sad presentiment that I shall never reach home. Should it prove

a reality, tell all my friends, as my dying testimony, that worldly pleasures are unsatisfactory ; those who pursue them as their chief good will find that at last they " bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder." Amy dear, pray if we are never again to meet on earth, that we may be reunited in the paradise of God. I am weary, and cannot write more. *God bless you.

From your own

EMMA.'

"Her words proved prophetic. The manner of her husband's death, with all its horrible details, met her eye when within two days' ride of her native village. This sudden shock, in her weak state, produced congestion of the brain, and she slept the sleep that knows no waking. Five years from the day that witnessed our parting, now twenty-five years ago to-day, I gazed for the last time upon the remains of that loved one. Ah ! how changed—shrouded in its narrow coffin lay the graceful form ; and as it was consigned to its dark abode, great was the consolation of that last letter."

Aunt Amy looked mournfully into Jennie's tearful eyes, and added, "I pray, darling, you may not delay, as did my lamented Emma, until the evil days come, but remember your Creator in the days of your youth."

WOMAN'S POSITION.

WOMEN do not transgress the bounds of decorum so often as men, but when they do, they go greater lengths. For with reason somewhat weaker, they have to contend with passions somewhat stronger ; besides, a female by one transgression forfeits her place in society forever ; if once she falls, it is the fall of Lucifer. It is hard, indeed, that the law of opinion should be most severe on that sex which is least able to bear it ; but so it is, and if the sentence be harsh, the sufferer should be reminded that it was passed by her *peers*. Therefore, if once a woman breaks through the barriers of decency, her case is desperate ; and if she goes greater lengths than the men, and leaves the pale of propriety *farther behind her*, it is because she is aware that all return is prohibited, and by none so strongly as by her own sex. We may also add, that as modesty is the richest ornament of a woman, the want of it is her greatest deformity, for the better the thing, the worse will ever be its perversion, and if an angel falls, the *transition* must be to a demon.

WINTRY WINDS.

BY E. M. FARGO.

Ye are out, lonely winds, in your fury and might,
 Shrieking through the wide realm of the beaconless night;
 From the North have ye come, where the ice-islands sweep
 In their shining magnificence over the deep,
 And ye fearfully howl through the pine palisades
 That environ with darkness the forest frescades,
 When anon comes the sound of your thunder-toned glee,
 Like a hurricane sweeping the billowy sea.

'Tis inspiring to hear the wild roar of your wrath,
 As the legions of Winter encircle your path,
 On the heaving expanse of old Ocean's broad breast,
 Where the wind and the water may never find rest,
 Or afar in the depths of the dim forest land,
 Where a thousand harps waken their symphonies grand,
 Or where organ-like notes of your anthem sublime,
 With the deep rolling bass of Niagara chime.

There are times when your music is pleasant to hear;
 When the visions of Fancy their bright castles rear—
 When the day dreams of youth are yet hopeful and sweet,
 And with radiant joys of the future replete—
 When Prosperity's golden beams brilliantly shine,
 And the pleasures of home with its love-light combine;
 It is then ye may howl and in impotence rave,
 All your terrors are naught, for the glad heart is brave.

But your loud diapason with sadness is heard,
 When the heart's secret fount is with bitterness stirred—
 When the mourner, whose spirit is shrouded with gloom,
 Hears a wail in the blast like a dirge from the tomb;
 And as onward ye speed over mountain and moor,
 By the humble and cheerless abodes of the poor,
 May Omnipotence shield with its armor of might,
 The defenceless and weak from your merciless blight!

But your forces may sweep o'er the land and the sea,
 And triumphantly charge in their boisterous glee;
 Ye may pass the wild waves of the far-reaching main,
 And return but to lash them to fury again;
 Yet a calm will succeed, and your raging subside,
 While the waves cease to roll in their grandeur and pride,
 For a mightier Power their surface has trod,
 And the storm has been hushed by the mandate of God!

PHILIP CARLTON.

BY MARGARET PERCEY.

CHAPTER I.

Who is he? What's his name? Where did he come from? were the queries which in spite of rules against whispering, rapidly passed from one to the other of the scholars in the academy of the town of Wallingford. The object of these inquiries was standing upon the stage at the farther end of the room; by the side of Mr. Weston, the principal; the latter was talking in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the scholars, although they, with few exceptions, were giving their undivided attention to what was passing upon the stage. The new scholar was a boy of fifteen—perhaps, though faces such as his seldom furnish a reliable index to the age. He was tall—whether he was well formed it was more difficult to determine, his garments being ill fitting, of the coarsest material, and moreover very much patched. His face was browned by exposure to the sun, yet his black eyes with long silken lashes made it far from unpleasing. His hair was cut extremely short, which gave him a singular appearance, although it revealed a finely shaped head. All eyes were fixed upon him as he took his seat; yet he seemed unconscious of the attention he excited, and was soon deeply engaged with a grammar. Mr. Weston stood attentively observing him, though apparently absorbed in trying the nib of a pen upon his thumb nail—but he forgot his solicitude for its point a moment afterwards, and throwing it upon his desk, exclaimed in a half whisper—"Poor fellow! I would not like to undertake what lies before him! Those boys will worry his life out—I wish it was in my power to shield him from it! but 'tis useless," he added with a sigh. "Yet, notwithstanding all, there is something grand about him—I believe it is his earnestness—he is not awkward, in spite of the difficulties under which he labors." And Mr. Weston picked up the pen he had thrown down, called up a class, and was soon deep in the mysteries of philosophy. Philip Carlton had taken a seat which immediately adjoined the division appropriated to the girls, it being the only unoccupied desk in the school-room. At first he seemed wholly absorbed in his lesson—but at length his gaze wandered from the pages

of the book before him, but it was apparent that he saw nothing of what was passing around. His great black eyes grew soft and bright, and his dark cheek flushed. He was thinking of the past. Again he seemed to feel his mother's light hand upon his head, and hear her voice saying tremulously, but cheerfully—"Philip, my darling, when there is a *will*, there is a *way*. Had your father lived you would not have had these difficulties to encounter, but you will succeed, if you look to the *strong for strength*." He thought of the three years which had passed since that voice was hushed forever—of the privations and rough treatment to which he had been subjected among those to whose care he had been left—of his struggles to place himself in the position he now occupied—and his thoughts flew on, to the future—that bright future, when he should stand among men, fully equipped for the "battle of life," and all by his own exertions. His brown cheek flushed deeper at the thought.—Just at this stage of his reverie, he was roused by the voice of Mr. Weston at his side. "Philip, the grammar class will be called presently: are you prepared?" "Certainly, Mr. Weston," said Philip, half-reproachfully, for he felt that his teacher's fears were unfounded. A few moments after he was summoned to recitation. The class had been formed only a few days before, and consisted of children whose ages varied from ten to thirteen years. Several of them seemed to be mentally comparing the size of the new comer with that of the other members of the class, and their sense of Philip's deficiencies had the common effect of raising their opinion of their own attainments. But the manner in which Philip acquitted himself somewhat checked their self-gratulation. He had thoroughly comprehended the lesson as well as committed it to memory.

The youngest in the class was little Kate Arnold, a child of nine years—her seat was next that of Philip; and his movements had occupied her attention, almost entirely during the morning, which was probably the cause of her entire failure. Recess came shortly afterwards, but Philip did not leave his seat, which was quite a disappointment to some restless spirits who were promising themselves prime fun with the new boy. They were compelled to wait their time, and Mr. Weston's departure at noon was the signal. One boy, whose ambition it was to be considered the *wit* of the school, commenced operations by crowding up to Philip's desk, and with a patronizing air, asking him if "his suit was first worn by his great grandfather, when he landed on Plymouth Rock, or was it manufactured by Noah to wear on the occasion of his walking forth from the ark?" This attempt at wit, which had cost the speaker, Henry

Stone, half an hour's labor, was hailed with a roar of laughter by the group, around the desk. Philip's eyes flashed, but he controlled himself, and did not speak. This was not exactly what they had expected, still they took courage and made another trial, which met with no better success. They grew abusive, and finally taunted him ; meanwhile Philip struggled with himself, and gained the victory, for he said gently :

" Boys, I am very sorry that my dress is so remarkable as to trouble you, because I have decided that it is best for me to wear it, for a time at least, in default of a better."

It is true that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and no less true that it turneth away ridicule also—at least it was so in this case, for Edward Arnold, the brother of Kate, turned away half ashamed of the part he had taken in the affair, and his example was followed by the others, with the exception of Henry Stone, who after a moment's reflection followed them, and Philip was left alone. He folded his arms upon his desk, and for one moment leaned his head upon them, while he rapidly reviewed the events of the morning. It was what he had expected, for he had sometimes experienced the same treatment from the children of the farmer with whom he had lived, and a visit from other children had invariably been the signal for renewed persecution. Perhaps so much ridicule would have destroyed his self-respect, had it not been for the clear view he took of his own position. Without most of the ordinary means of acquiring an education, he was yet determined to proceed. The true secret was, that he invariably looked to Him who was able to give him strength of purpose. Upon the whole he had succeeded better than he expected with the boys, and as he thought of it, his dark eyes grew brilliant with unshed tears. We have said that he was alone ; for so he thought himself, although a pair of bright hazel eyes were fixed upon him. Little Kate had been detained with her grammar lesson, and had been a witness to the scene at Philip's desk. She had listened, to the utter neglect of her lesson, and her heart swelled nigh to bursting when she saw Edward join them, apparently well pleased with the sport. Now she was attentively watching Philip—she saw his eyes fill with tears, and ignorant of any but the apparent cause, the impulsive child sprang from her seat, and in a moment was beside him, clasping his hand in both her own.

" Oh, Philip, I'm so sorry ! so sorry ! those hateful boys !" and her head sank upon his hand, while her tears fell fast. Philip looked at her in astonishment, for her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotion.

"Poor child!" he said, suddenly drawing his arm around her—"this for me! will you tell me your name?"

"Don't you know, Philip?" and the child looked up through her tears. "My name is Kate."

"So you were here all the time, Kate! I did not see you."

"Yes, Mr. Weston kept me to learn my lesson."

"Have you learned it?"

"Oh! no, how could I? Indeed I have scarcely looked at it."

"Where is your book? I'll help you."

"Will you? Oh, Philip, you are so good! I wish those boys—"

"Oh! never mind the boys," said Philip with a smile, "they did not annoy me so very much."

Kate looked up at him doubtfully, then turned to the lesson, which, with his assistance, was soon learned and recited, and Kate went home. The afternoon passed away without any remarkable occurrence. The boys did not incline to interfere with Philip for many days afterward. He had engaged, as Mr. Hanson his employer termed it, "*to do chores for his board*;" and under the indefinite name of "chores," his duties were very numerous—beside these, he had many to perform at the academy, in consideration of which services he received his tuition free of charge. But by rising while the stars were yet shining, and appropriating all the odds and ends of time to study, he was enabled to stand first in every class of which he was a member. His good conduct was not unappreciated by Mr. Hanson and his wife; many an indulgence was granted him, and the old lady exerted herself to the utmost in improving the appearance of his clothes. Long before the close of the term, Mr. Hanson had engaged his services at a fair price during the summer vacation. Mr. Weston, too, beheld him with an approving eye, and the boys ceased to ridicule him, at least openly, but he saw that they avoided him. He had no friend among the scholars, save little Kate, who certainly took every opportunity to prove her friendship. Philip almost always assisted her in her lessons, and the grateful child would, as she often assured him, have given him any thing she had in the world, if he would only have accepted it.

"Do you know, Philip," she said to him one day, "what makes me love you so much?"

"How should I, Kate?" said Philip with a smile, "you never told me you loved me before."

"Didn't I? I thought you knew it of course. Well, I will tell you," and her bright face grew sad. "I had a brother three years older than I—Herbert: he died last summer—almost a year ago."

Oh, Philip ! you never can dream how much I loved him," and she raised her eyes swimming with tears to his face. " He did not look as you do, Philip, and yet you often make me think of him ; he had beautiful large blue eyes, and his hair curled as yours does, but it was lighter even than mine. But, Philip, he was always good, like you, always kind to me ; Edward is *generally*, but sometimes he gets out of patience. He is not like Herbert."

Philip and Kate were coming from school, and had nearly reached her father's gate as she ceased speaking. The house stood back from the street, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and a gravel walk, wide enough for a carriage, wound up from the iron gates to the entrance. Mr. Arnold, the father of Kate, was coming down the walk as they approached, and reached the gate a moment before them : he passed through, and stood holding it in his hand. Kate sprang towards him the instant she perceived him—she was always sure of a warm welcome, being the darling of her father's heart, his youngest child.

" Well, Kate ! here you are—and I suppose this is the Philip you have wanted me so much to see," and his keen, black eye scanned Philip from head to foot. " Philip, how do you do ? You seem to be regarding the shrubbery with interest—will you walk in and take a close survey ?"

Philip bowed—" I should be happy to do so, Mr. Arnold, but (and he cast a longing eye towards the grounds) I have scarcely time now."

" Oh, well then ! Kate and I will be glad to see you at any time when you *can* call. Good afternoon," and Mr. Arnold turned up the walk. Kate lingered for a moment to repeat her father's invitation, and then ran on to overtake him. But Philip did not avail himself of the invitation, much as he would have liked to have done so. His dress, he was well aware, was not presentable, and he was unable to purchase a suit of clothes. A week or two afterwards, as he was returning from school, two or three boys, among whom was Edward Arnold, came up behind him, and made a number of remarks upon his personal appearance, which were evidently intended for his ear. He paid no attention, however, for just then he noticed a horse and carriage, coming down the street ; as it approached, he perceived that it was driven by Mr. Arnold—it stopped, and he saw Kate run towards it, and her father lift her in. He then turned round and drove off, up the street. Philip presently saw the carriage stop in front of a house, and Mr. Arnold sprang out and went in, leaving Kate in the carriage. The horse appeared restive, and Philip

anxiously watched its movements ; at length it started, turned round, nearly upsetting the carriage, and came down the street at a furious rate. He saw Kate with her little arms upraised, and heard her wild cry for help. "Oh, Kate !" he exclaimed, and cast a hurried glance at the boys—strange to say they had not seen *it*, and greeted him with a laugh of derision. He flew to the middle of the street, and braced himself for the shock. The boys *saw then*, but they stood as if spell-bound during the moment that Philip grappled with the furious animal. It was a hard struggle, but Philip's arm was strong, and he succeeded in stopping him ; but what was his consternation when he saw Kate lying quite still, upon the ground, at a little distance from the carriage. She had attempted to spring out just before Philip had entirely stopped the horse, and was thrown with violence to the ground, where she lay helpless. Philip released the horse, and ran towards her, but Edward was before him.

"Kate ! dear Kate ! are you hurt ?" and Edward attempted to lift her in his arms, but she screamed with pain. "Why, Kate ! darling ! you must let me carry you home !"

Kate opened her eyes, and looked from one to the other of the anxious faces bent over her ; Philip stood a little aloof from the rest, but she saw him.

"Philip," she said faintly, "if I had staid in the carriage you would have saved me ! Won't you carry me, Philip ? It hurts me so terribly. I mean, Philip, if you are not tired."

But before she had finished speaking, Philip had raised the little sufferer in his arms. He did not hurt her, apparently, for she laid her face down upon his bosom, and smiled upon him—such a sad, patient smile ; it brought the tears to his eyes. It was but a short distance to Mr. Arnold's residence, and one of the boys ran on before to inform the family, while Edward walked on beside Philip. They reached the house, and Mrs. Arnold, pale and trembling, led the way to Kate's room. Philip laid her on the bed, and the family gathered round her ; he knew that he ought to go home immediately, although he felt very anxious to hear what the doctor would say of Kate. He lingered a moment, then turned to go, hoping that in the general confusion he could depart unnoticed. Just as he was passing through the hall, he heard his name called, and turning, saw Edward coming towards him.

"Philip," he said, extending his hand, "can you ever forgive me ? I know I have treated you shamefully, but I am sorry enough for it now !" Philip took the offered hand.

"Certainly, Edward ! pray think no more of it—it is of no consequence now."

"And after all this, I have you to thank as the preserver of Kate's life.—Philip, you are a noble fellow ; and as for—"

"Say no more about it, Edward,—I do not require thanks ;" and Philip left him. As he ran down the walk, he met Mr. Arnold ; the latter caught his hand.—

"O, tell me, Philip, is Kate hurt ?"

"I hope not badly, Mr. Arnold. The doctor—" but Mr. Arnold staid to hear no more. Muttering something about his "carelessness," he rushed up the steps and into the house ; and Philip proceeded on his way.

The next morning he heard from Kate ; she was not seriously injured, but would, probably, be confined to the house for some time. During the day he met Mr. Arnold, who congratulated him warmly upon his "noble conduct ;" for Mr. Arnold had heard *all the story* from Edward. A day or two afterwards, Edward came to his desk, at noon.

"Philip," said he, "Kate wants you to come and see her ; and my mother would like to see you, also."

Philip thought of his clothes ; but he decided to go, and promised to accompany Edward home the next afternoon. When school was dismissed the next day, they walked up the street together.—For some time they proceeded in silence. At length, Edward cast a furtive glance into the face of his companion.—

"Philip, will you excuse me, if I ask you something ?"

"Let me hear it, then I will tell you," said Philip, smiling.

"When you first came to school, I think I heard you tell the boys, that—that—" and Edward hesitated—"you wore those clothes for want of better ones, or some thing to that effect. Is it really so, Philip ?"

"Yes, Edward," said Philip firmly,—"I cannot purchase better clothes, now ; it takes what little I earn to buy books, &c. ; but I hope, before next term, I shall have earned a more respectable looking suit."

"Philip, I must say you had courage. I never could have gone through with what you did, when you first entered school."

Philip did not answer ; he was thinking. A few moments after, they reached the house, and Edward took him directly to Kate's room. She was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. Philip looked at her for a full minute before she was aware of his presence ; *they had entered very softly*. A slight movement of Edward caused her to look up ; and very sudden was the change which came over her face.

"Oh, Philip!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you are come. I have been watching for you so long," and Kate extended both hands towards him—he approached, and taking the little hands in his, sat down beside the bed.

"Then you were watching for me, Kate," he said with a smile.

"Yes, Philip, and I have been thinking all day how much I should like to hear you read. You remember you read to me once—"

"Well, I will read now, but what shall it be?"

"The 'Adopted Child'—I like to hear you read that so much! but the book is at school," she added with a look of disappointment.

"Never mind; perhaps I can remember it," and Philip commenced reciting the lines; but there was a sorrowful undertone in his voice, as he repeated,

"Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest,"

and it trembled as he added slowly,

"Thou wouldest meet her footstep, my boy, no more."

Kate interrupted him with,

"Philip, where is your mother?"

Philip's dark eyes looked mournfully into hers:—

"Kate, she is dead."

"And your father?"

"Is dead too," he said in a low tone.

The tears sprang to her eyes:—

"Oh! Philip, I am so sorry: what should I do, if my father and mother were dead!" and her tears flowed freely.

"Don't cry, Kate," said Philip, soothingly. "Let us talk of something else. Don't you want me to read to you in the Bible?" he whispered after she had become quiet again.

"Oh, yes! There is mine on the table."

Philip took it up, and read the concluding verses of the one hundred and second Psalm.

"Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands." He glanced up, and saw that she was listening intently; he went on,—"They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed.—But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." He commenced the next Psalm, and read on to the thirteenth verse; he paused there for a moment, then continued slowly,— "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As

for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth ; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Then his voice rose, and triumphantly he read,—" But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all." As Philip ceased reading, he raised his eyes, and to his surprise saw Mrs. Arnold with Edward, standing at the opposite side of the bed. They had entered the room sometime before ; but both Philip and Kate had been too much engaged to notice their presence. Mrs. Arnold talked with Philip some time, expressing the gratitude she felt for his efforts to save Kate.

" You will come again ?" whispered Kate, as Philip bent over her to say good bye.

" Perhaps I will," said Philip, smiling.

" Good-bye then ;" and partly raising herself, she drew her arm around his neck, and kissed his cheek. The blood rushed to Philip's face in a torrent as he turned to leave the room. What was there in that soft childish kiss to make the boy's heart beat so tumultuously ? Some such question Philip asked himself as he hurried down the walk ; but he could give no satisfactory answer : it was long since he had received any such token of affection, and it brought the thought of his mother so forcibly to his mind.

About a week afterwards, Mrs. Hanson called to him, as he came up the lane from school. Before he could reach the door, she opened it :—

" Come, Philip !—come in here ; there has been a bundle left here for you ; and I wish you would open it right away, for I want to know what in the world it is."

Philip could not refrain from smiling. The old lady was evidently in a high state of enjoyment, her face smiling all over in spite of her efforts to look very grave.

" Come, Philip, it is in the keeping-room ;" and Philip followed her in.

There was an envelope directed to him, attached to the bundle, which he attempted to open, but yielding to the wish of Mrs. Hanson, he first opened the package. As he untied the knots, she remarked that Mr. Arnold's man had left it that afternoon. Philip unrolled it, and beheld a suit of clothes of the finest material.

" My stars !" exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, as she held up the coat,

turning it round on her hand :—“ Why, Philip, what a beautiful present ! and a letter too, as I live !” for Philip had opened the note, and was reading it, his cheek flushing deeper as he read.

“ Why, Philip, what’s the matter ? you don’t look pleased.”

“ Of course, Mrs. Hanson, I do not like—” he stopped abruptly.

“ You do not like what, Philip ? the present, or what is it ?” and the old lady opened her brown eyes, and looked at him, as if doubting his being in the full possession of his senses.

“ Why you see, Mrs. Hanson, I do not like to be under an obligation to any one,” said Philip, hesitatingly : “ still, perhaps I ought not to feel it as such,—and I won’t, either,” he added rapidly. “ Such a delicate note—besides I can pay him some day.” And with this consolatory thought, Philip carried the package to his own room.—Vacation came and went. On the first day of the new term, Mr. Weston came to Philip’s desk.

“ I wish, Philip,” he said, with a slight smile, “ to have a few minutes’ conversation with you. Come to my desk by and by, when I am at liberty.” Half an hour after Philip joined him. “ What I wished to say, Philip, is, that we shall have to find some one else to ring the bell, and attend to the other duties which you have fulfilled hitherto.”

Philip’s heart sank. What did it mean ? But he was reassured by Mr. Weston’s smile.

“ Now that you have so much more time to devote to your studies, Philip, I shall expect you to take the place of the first scholar in school. There are few who can take precedence of you now.”

“ But, Mr. Weston, how am I to pay for my tuition ?”

“ Mr. Arnold has paid it for two terms in advance.”

Philip was silent. Turning away from the desk, he went to his seat, his heart throbbing with strangely mingled emotions.

THE PRINCE THE HOUSE OF DAVID:

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I have examined with much pleasure, the recent work of Professor INGRAHAM, and am much pleased, both with the plan and the execution. The graphic and deeply interesting manner in which the events of the Saviour's life, and the scenes amid which these events occurred, are described, or rather, *pictured* before the reader, almost transports one back for eighteen centuries, to the very time of the life of Christ on earth, and to the very places hallowed by his sacred presence. The influence of such a book cannot be otherwise than good, wherever it is read, adapted as it is to invest with a most attractive charm, to young and old, the history of the life and miracles, the sufferings and death of our adorable Redeemer. I wish for it a very extensive circulation.

J. DOWLING.

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THE PRINCE

From Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, Pastor Seventh Presbyterian Church, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I have read Professor INGRAHAM's "Prince of the House of David" with much pleasure and profit. The domestic narrative, in which the incidents of the Saviour's life are interwoven, is well-conceived, and well adapted to arrest the attention of both Jew and Gentile. It would gratify me to know that it had found its way into every house in my parish. I anticipate for it an extensive circulation, and a high course of usefulness.

Yours, very truly,

EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

From Rev. A. D. GILLETT, Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I am truly grateful to you for the valuable book, "The Prince of the House of David." I am happy to say the work is written in an engaging style, and attractively carries the reader into the very scenes which so illustriously distinguish the earthly mission of our Blessed Redeemer. It brings the events of Gospel History as vividly to view as if they were actually transpiring before us. I hope the work may find many readers.

A. D. GILLETT.

From Rev. D. H. MILLER, Yonkers, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I have read with great satisfaction and interest "The Prince of the House of David," from your press, by Prof. J. H. INGRAHAM.

At the first glance of the work, I feared that fancy had been allowed to displace the Lord in his true mission, from the narrative; but, after a careful and consecutive perusal, I confess I am delighted with it, and consider it one of the best pieces of Scriptural delineation produced in our time. While it is true the author has allowed fancy to supply characters and sayings *hardly* warranted by the Gospel narrative, he has, with especial care given prominence to the several incidents in the life of the "Man of Sorrows," as recorded by the sacred writers. Prof. Ingraham has, indeed, been "treading on holy ground," but with so much care, skill, and discrimination, that even the most religiously sensitive soul need not fear to read his "Prince of the House of David." He has most beautifully blended Scripture doctrine with Christian practice, which in its perusal cannot fail to enkindle the deepest emotions of the human soul. Accept my thanks, gentlemen, for the favor conferred in presenting me with a copy; and rest assured I shall not fail to commend it to my parishioners as a work especially calculated to interest the young in the study of the Sacred Scriptures, and at the same time as a book of most delightful and witching interest.

Yours truly, D. HENRY MILLER.

From Rev. R. T. MIDDLEDITCH, N. J.

As a specimen of descriptive and dramatic power, the work is excellent. It is gratifying to find an author able to treat on subjects so precious to a Christian heart, in such a manner that neither his style nor taste disparage their dignity and importance.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

And while we sometimes tremble as we read, at the almost audacity of thus holding familiar intercourse with such scenes and persons, we get such help to greater vividness of conception regarding them as to make us read on rejoicing. Somebody must have had just such experience which it would have been lawful for them to tell, and delightful for us to hear; and so far as the imagination can place us reasonably in hearing of them now, it is doing a service for which it should receive thanks, and not blame. On the whole, we commend the volume to the Christian, as assisting him to a more vivid conception of the scenes on which he loves to meditate, and so of the character which he adores; to the impenitent, as calculated to excite in their minds a more life-like idea of realities which are too apt to be unreal to them; and to the Jew, as including a strong argument from his own prophetic books, for Jesus as their expected Messiah.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

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From the (Baptist) Examiner, N. Y.

We have been very much interested in this work of Prof. INGRAHAM'S. The astonishing scenes and facts which crowd the brief ministry of Christ, and which form the foundation of our Christian faith and hopes, though presented here in a form less impressive and solemn than in the consecrated language of the Evangelist, yet seem to be brought nearer to our human feelings, and certainly awaken afresh all our admiring wonder at the mysterious nature and work of the Redeemer of men.

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From the Christian Witness.

This is new and delicate ground for a work of fiction. We had some misgivings as to its propriety, when we saw the work announced. The author seems himself to have felt the difficulty. He has trod, however, with a reverent step; and we have been favorably impressed, both with his spirit and his skill.

From the Religious Herald, Richmond.

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From the Boston Daily Mail.

"The author is one of the most versatile and brilliant writers of the day. He touches nothing that he does not ornament according to the old Latin maxims, and his style is most happily adapted for the portrayal of sacred scenes and incidents."

From the New-York Courier and Inquirer.

The book is conceived in an admirable spirit, and written in a beautiful style. As presenting a continuous and most graphic narrative of Christ's ministry, it will interest all classes of readers.

From Daily News, Philadelphia.

Tracing as it does those scenes of Holy Land which live in the memory of all the earth, it has a charm that must render it exceedingly attractive. No one can read it without being largely benefited by the information and instruction which it imparts.

From the New-York Tribune.

"The incidents in the History of the Messiah are depicted in this volume, with the glowing and gorgeous rhetoric which marks the previous compositions of the author."

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

"This is a remarkable work, both in conception and execution, and cannot fail to attract attention from all."

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